

Manhunt But the Tension's Resolved

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Manhunt But the Tension's Resolved

by Anonymous

Summary

It wasn't often that Dream resorted to pleading – he was the sort of man who took what he wanted and didn't take questions.

And George knew this. He knew the man looming above him very well. Knew all the right buttons to push, all the ways to get under his skin, and all the ways to positively melt him.

The brunet let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding, slowly reaching up to brush his fingers against the exposed side of Dream's face. He could see that the tips of his ears were flushed red, but god, did he want to see the rest of his face, his scars, his freckles, his lips.

A beat of tense silence passed before he responded.

"I... I want you too, Dream," George mumbled.

Notes

I haven't written anything in quite a while, so sorry if my writing's rusty!
I also have never written smut before... haha...

But basically this is just dnf Minecraft manhunt with resolved tension... 8.3k words of it!
Sheesh!
Anyway, enjoy lol

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream could feel the heat of the sun beaming across his back, scorching his tanned skin through the thin material of his signature green hoodie. Sweat was gathering on his hairline, forming wet droplets that glimmered underneath messy fringe.

His heart was pounding against his ribcage - hammering away at his resilience as he fought the nerves bubbling inside him.

It wasn't like he hadn't been here dozens of times before, crouching for hours behind rocks, trees, and brush until his knees ached; awaiting the inevitable sounds of boots on gravel to alert him of the hunters' presence.

Carefully, Dream raised his gloved hand to his temple, wiping away sweat that threatened to invade his field of vision. A low, distraught grumble caught in his throat at the feeling of his porcelain mask sliding out of place against the ridge of his forehead.

In hindsight, the addition of his mask - while aesthetically pleasing and somewhat threatening to his enemies - probably limited his peripheral view more than he'd like it to.

Muttering curses under his breath, the masked survivalist cringed at the quiver in his thighs threatening to knock him over. Currently, he was stationed behind a low, gnarly bush, plush with greenery and saturated enough to hide his figure.

Absentmindedly, he stretched his sore, calloused fingers around the handle of his axe, which was - in all fairness - hastily made.

It hadn't been long since he had to use it.

Despite his agile footsteps and honed reflexes, Dream had - admittedly - only narrowly escaped the sting of Sapnap's fire-enhanced arrows in the jungle biome recently left behind. Only god knew how he'd managed to escape.

Dream bit back a shit-eating grin as he recalled the encounter, vividly remembering the way Sapnap had cursed his name with fury on his tongue as he ran off into the woods without a single scrape. It was understandable *why* Sapnap had wanted him dead on the spot - Dream killed Bad and stole the hunters' only supply of golden apples, after all.

He would never forget the shock on the other trackers' faces as Bad disintegrated into a million fading pixels, cursed to respawn from thousands of blocks away (Dream had already broken their nearest bed, storing it in his inventory for later use on the dragon).

The grin he was still fighting against finally broke out across his face from under his mask. He couldn't help it.

The thrill of the fight, the adrenaline in his veins, the satisfaction of landing every crit on his opponent... it would never get old.

Any second now, the hunters would track him to this very spot, and he'd experience it again. He exhaled shakily.

Snap!

Dream's head whipped towards his left.

His grin widened.

Finally.

Lifting himself up into an athletic crouch and off his calves, the man shuffled until he could find a sparse enough section in the bush to peer out of. The blood in his ears roared - adrenaline spiking through his body when his eyes finally found their target.

Of course.

It was George.

It was *always* George.

Dream let out a small curse under his breath, watching silently as the smaller man stared disapprovingly down at his compass. His signature goggles were pushed just above his hairline - most likely to give him a closer look at the object in his hand - while a stone axe and pick were hanging off the belt on his hips.

George worried his lower lip between his teeth, glancing up and taking in his surroundings. There was a clear sense of panic and frustration on his face, a low whine bubbling up from between his lips.

Dream's saliva felt thick as he swallowed, emerald eyes catching on the way the hunter nervously gnawed on his lip, bitten red and angry.

He was incredibly pretty in the dappled sunlight – sculpted face lightly freckled, flushed, and shiny from the heat of the day.

Beautiful.

Shaking his head to wipe the intrusive thoughts away, Dream breathed a sigh of relief when he noticed the boy seemed split up from his teammates. Intuition told him that George's compass was broken, if the lost look on the man's face was anything to go by.

This could go rather nicely.

That is, if Dream could focus on anything *other* than his supposed enemy's looks.

The dark-brown haired man stopped his pacing and threw his hands up into the air.

“ *Fuck!* Stupid *fucking* compass!” George seethed out loud.

Dream snickered as he watched the other man’s anger mount.

What he wasn’t expecting, however, was for said man to turn heel and *throw* the damned thing – straight towards the bush he was behind, of all things.

“ *Shit!*” Dream exclaimed, lifting his shield-laden left arm to block the projectile.

The blunt object thudded against its protective surface until it eventually hit the ground, momentum lost.

Dream inwardly cringed.

Silence reigned over the clearing.

There’s no way the hunter hadn’t heard *that* .

Letting his shield fall just beneath his nose, Dream returned his gaze to the opening in the bush.

George was gone.

His heart rate picked up.

Blond hair stood straight up on the back of his neck as the survivalist’s instincts went on high alert, seeking out the missing presence.

Suddenly, a loud burst of rustling sounded from the forage behind him.

Dream was halfway through spinning around to face the noise before a heavy weight crashed into his side, knocking him straight into the dirt and onto his back.

Stunned and unable to catch his breath, the masked man tensed his muscles and threw his shield blindly in front of himself.

Dream *felt* - more than he *saw* - the sharp end of an axe pierce through the wooden object, splinters and dust clogging up the air.

He heard George let out a grunt as he struggled to detach the axe from its entry point, harsh tugs yanking Dream's arm forward as it was still attached to the shield. For the first time since he'd lost track of the man above him, the dirty blond got a view of George's face, admirable determination fierce in his doe eyes. Those normally pale cheeks were flushed pink - mouth downturned into a grimace as he threw all his strength into getting his axe back.

Gorgeous, Dream decided.

He played this sick game of tug-of-war for around five seconds before collectively quitting his ogling and deciding he'd had enough. He was taller, *stronger* than his opponent.

Another smirk slid across his face as he inched his free hand across the grass, feeling for the axe that fell out of his grip when George knocked him over. The heavy weight of his attacker still dug deep into his thighs as Dream attempted to lift the shield up and away.

"What are you *doing*?" the blond said, a bit mockingly, digging his heels into the ground to gain momentum.

"What does it fucking *look* like I'm doing, *prick*," George spat back, both hands on the handle of his axe now.

Another tug.

"Well," Dream started, fingertips *finally* brushing against his lost weapon, "it *looks* like you're doing a shit job of - well - your *job*."

He felt a small spark of success - George still hadn't noticed his attempts to retrieve his axe.

"Says the one who got knocked on his ass by a man half his size," the brit scoffed back.

Dream chuckled lowly. "Oh yeah? Bet you're proud of that one, *Georgie*," he emphasized the last word with a sharp pull of his shield towards his body.

Said hunter's grip loosened for a moment, faltering slightly at the nickname.

His mouth parted, glaring down at the man beneath him with resilience. "And what if I am, *Dreamie*?"

Spite oozed from his words like honey – Dream could almost taste its sweetness.

The two locked gazes for what seemed like an eternity, tension building gradually in the air around them, cautiously awaiting the other's move. The forest stood eerily still other than the rustling of the branches overhead.

It was now or never.

All at once, Dream surged forward, throwing his body weight into his opponent. George yelped as Dream threw his shield to the side along with his – still – stuck axe. The objects clattered to the earth as the masked man pinned the hunter to the ground, left hand searing a bruising grip into the smaller man's right wrist while his legs effectively caged his lower half.

George seethed from underneath him, kicking up his legs and struggling against the other's firm grip. "Oh, you *bitch*," he breathed out harshly.

A cocky grin smeared across his lips as Dream shoved the handle of his axe just below the man's throat. He watched, entranced, as the brunet's adam's apple bobbed slowly against the harsh wood.

Keenly, Dream's eyes spotted George's free hand slithering down to his belt to grab his pick, but

before he could reach it, the younger man dropped his axe in favor of throwing the could-be weapon to the side, out of reach. In turn, Dream used his right hand's newfound freedom to pin George's left wrist down, both on either side of his head.

The brown-haired man whined deep in his throat, fighting meekly against the weight above him.

He'd been in this position dozens of times before – he *knew* how strong Dream was. The fight slowly drained out of him, curling fingers inwards and digging his nails deep into the other's gloved hands.

“So,” Dream said amusedly, still trying to catch his breath, “still proud of that one, *sweetheart*?”

George's eyebrows furrowed, staring defiantly up at the man looming above him, gritted his teeth, and *spat*.

The glob of spit landed on the right side of Dream's porcelain white mask, unable to reach the man's tanned skin underneath, but still sending a clear message of *'fuck you'*.

Chocolate brown eyes pierced viridian green.

“*Don't* call me that.”

Venom seeped from his words, creeping into the younger's veins and intoxicating his senses.

Dream's breath hitched as he felt a blush crawl up his neck.

Fuck.

There was a wash of shame as his dick twitched in his pants.

They'd been in this position dozens of times before. Almost every manhunt session, it was

inevitable that George would end up like this; trapped underneath Dream before the swing of an axe sends him hurtling back to spawn.

So *why* was this time different? *Why* could Dream hardly find it in his senses to grab his axe and *end it* already?

It seemed as though the male below him was having the same thoughts, as his expression slowly morphed into something unreadable.

“What... what are you waiting for...? Just kill me already,” the brunet slowly breathed, eyes narrowed into slits.

When Dream didn’t respond right away, George let out another soft whine, tilting his head back and digging his nails harder into the thin leather of Dream’s gloves. He bucked his lower half up in a last-ditch effort to throw his opponent off.

Of course, it didn’t work.

“Dream!” George exclaimed, “ *kill me!*”

Said man swallowed, still unable to find words. He could do this. Grab his axe and end it, right here. Find the other hunters and *win*. Like he always does.

The blond felt his resolve chipping away as he stared down at the boy below him, gaze sweeping over the lightly freckled bridge of his nose, the sweat droplets glimmering on his temple, the way his chocolate locks spread around his head like a halo; some askew strands sticking to the wetness of his forehead. His lips were chewed red, slightly parted to give way to deep breaths of exertion, while his dark eyelashes whispered across his cheeks every time he blinked.

Dream could stare at his face for an eternity and still find things to admire.

God, he wanted George - *badly*.

The realization hit him like a truck, stiffening his muscles and dropping his mouth open from behind his mask.

Swallowing down a shaky exhale, Dream's voice found itself again, gravelly and low,

"And if I don't...?"

George's eyes narrowed even further in confusion, shying away from the blond's intense gaze.

He darted his tongue out, wetting his lips before speaking again, "What does that *mean*, you idiot? You - you want to win, don't you? How can you do that if you don't..."

The brunet's sentence trailed off as Dream slowly loosened his right hand's grip on the older's wrist, instead trailing those same calloused fingers up the side of his neck to eventually brush against his freckled cheek.

Dream could feel George's blush deepen underneath his fingertips. His flawless porcelain skin seared the pads of the same hands that had once held a bruising grip on dainty wrists.

"You're *really* pretty," Dream muttered, watching intently as George's eyes widened slightly at the confession.

The brunet spluttered for a moment.

"How can you *say* that after I just - I mean - I *spat* in your *face*. Like, two seconds ago," he remarked. "You're so... *weird*."

George bit back a grin as he heard Dream let out a low wheeze at the shift between them.

There was a beat of shared silence.

Dream swallowed harshly. “How – uh - how far away are the other hunters, George?”

The man beneath him blinked and chewed on his lip thoughtfully. “I don’t... I don’t know. We got split up right after you ran off.”

“Hm,” Dream hummed absentmindedly, noticing that the hand he’d released was still limp on the grass beside the older’s head, unmoving. His heart beat faster. “Do you... want this?”

The brit eyed him warily. “Want... what, exactly?”

Dream hummed again, shifting his weight backwards, just slightly.

Swallowing his pride, he ground his hips down against the man below him, *hard*.

Their clothed groins dragged against each other, and George outright *gasp*ed , hand twitching next to his head.

“ *Oh*, ” he breathed out.

Dream felt his blood rush southwards at that noise, and *god*, did he want to hear more. He wanted to be the *only* cause of those noises, and desperately so.

George’s face was bright red, his eyes wide with bewilderment and lips parted. “R-right *now* ? In the middle of a *manhunt*? Are you – ”

The blond cut him off with another harsh roll of his hips.

George *whined*, high pitched and shaky.

He took a moment to collect himself before breathing out, “ *Dream*, I’m *serious*! The other

hunters... I don't know how far away they are."

But Dream was *so* far gone – lost in the hardening of his cock and the savory noises dripping from the other's lips. His mind felt cloudy as the next words left his mouth, "I don't care. I want you, George, *please* let me have you."

He could feel his own whine bubbling in his throat at the thought of being able to sink into the smaller man's warmth – to fuck him into the grass and leave him a spluttering, gorgeous mess, begging for him, *needing* him.

It wasn't often that Dream resorted to pleading – he was the sort of man who took what he wanted and didn't take questions.

And George knew this. He knew the man looming above him *very* well. Knew all the right buttons to push, all the ways to get under his skin, and all the ways to positively *melt* him.

The brunet let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding, slowly reaching up to brush his fingers against the exposed side of Dream's face. He could see that the tips of his ears were flushed red, but *god*, did he want to see the rest of his face, his scars, his freckles, his *lips*.

A beat of tense silence passed before he responded.

"I... I want you too, Dream," George mumbled lowly, under his breath.

Above him, the blond took a sharp inhale, confidence coursing through his veins at the confession. He felt a surge of newfound boldness, rocking his hips down once more.

George had the most beautiful reaction – his head flying back and mouth parting in a silent cry, hips flying up to meet Dream's own.

Almost desperately, his hand reached further behind the blond's head, searching for the clasp on his mask.

Finally, he heard the *click* of the release from the clasp, letting the porcelain mask slip from his

head and into George's waiting hand. He tossed it aside in favor of studying Dream's newly exposed face, which wore an expression of pure desperation and arousal.

His dark blond eyebrows were scrunched together, sweat gathering just above the furrow of his skin, his eyes were aflame with hunger, pupils blown out. The scar across the bridge of his nose was surrounded by a constellation of freckles, accompanied by a deep flush high on his cheekbones. His messy blond fringe had fallen in front of his eyes, strands framing his face beautifully.

Once George's eyes settled on his lips, something snapped in both of them.

The tension split - crackling like lightning - and a shiver crawled up Dream's back when their mouths finally, *finally*, crashed together.

Fire met fire, blazing and furious, as neither wasted any time in nipping and biting wherever they could.

Dream hummed into the kiss, pressing George back down fully onto the plush grass with a gentle hand, letting his right cup behind the smaller man's neck to tilt his head perfectly. George's right hand fisted the front of his green hoodie, while the other danced across Dream's exposed neck to eventually grab a handful of dirty blond hair.

A low groan bubbled up from between Dream's lips at that, and George hungrily swallowed it down, resuming the gentle rocking of his hips. Their tongues and teeth mashed together uncoordinatedly – both high strung and too drunk on each other to care.

George could feel Dream's length, hard and straining against the front of his jeans, rubbing against his own growing erection with every pass of their hips. Boldly, the hand fisted in the green material of the other's hoodie snaked down, cupping the prominent hard-on poking against his abdomen, giving a light squeez *e* .

“*Fuck*,” Dream groaned as he pulled away from George's lips, “Wanna fuck you so bad. Fill you up right here. *Please* . Can I?”

George felt a shiver run up his spine at the thought. His toes curled in his boots, heat stirring low in his core.

“Yeah, *please*,” the brunet whined.

Dream let out a sigh of relief, before the realization dawned on him.

“I don’t.. I don’t have lube, though, *fuck*... Don’t wanna hurt you, Georgie...” He hung his head in pleasure as the smaller male gave another squeeze to his cock.

George let out a nervous cough. “Uh – about that...”

Dream whipped his head up. Shyly, George pulled away, lifting himself slightly up onto his elbow to reach for the back pocket on his belt. When his hand emerged once more, he was holding the smallest bottle of lube Dream had ever seen. His eyes widened.

“What the *hell* are you doing with this in your inventory during a *manhunt* ?” Dream gaped, his voice tapering off into a laugh as he took the bottle into his hands and noticed it was half empty.

He glanced at George, who was absolutely *scarlet*, heat spreading down his neck and collarbones.

He was biting his lips again, gaze *anywhere* but Dream’s. “I – uh – don’t get - like – *mad* at me but you know how Sapnap and Bad complain a lot about me wandering off while they’re gathering materials...? Or how I take forever to get back from spawn after I die?” George trailed off, hands flying up to hide his expression. “I couldn’t help it, you know - when you, like, get on top of me to kill me and *every time* you do it... I just...”

George groaned and slumped back onto the ground, slinging a bandage-laden arm across his face.

Dream just sat there, taking in the newfound information, wheels turning in his head. “So... you... get off to it? Is that what I’m hearing?”

Another embarrassed groan.

The blond’s heart began to race. So, he wasn’t alone in his lingering attraction to the other after all.

Warmth flooded back into his cheeks as the image of George touching himself to the thought of him ran through his head.

“George. *George*,” Dream urged, prying the arm away from said man’s face. He was clearly self-conscious about the situation, but *god*, did Dream want him to know how hot it was. It made the arousal in his stomach multiply, a fire burning through his abdomen at the thought. “Tell me about it.”

George’s eyes shot open indignantly at the suggestion. “*Dream*, no, that’s so embarrassing...”

Huffing in retaliation, Dream dipped his head down low, lips brushing against his exposed neck, up to his earlobe. He licked a wet stripe up the skin behind the smaller man’s ear before murmuring, “Did... did you finger yourself, imagining that it was me...?”

George gasped at the feeling of hot breath fanning across the sensitive skin of his ear. A shiver ran down his spine and goosebumps broke out across his arms.

Dream started to use his mouth in fervor, licking and sucking at any skin he could reach. “Did you ever imagine that it was my fingers inside you instead of yours?” He worried George’s earlobe between his teeth. “Or my cock...?” He rolled his hips forward, emphasizing his words.

George whined, high pitched and needy. “*Dream... please...*”

“Tell me.” Dream sat up slightly, peppering kisses across his face until he reached the corner of his mouth. “Please, *baby*. ”

Gritting his teeth, George gripped the collar of Dream’s hoodie, bringing his face close to the blond’s ear.

The smell of sandalwood and sweat invaded his senses as he bit back his pride. “I used to sneak off to the back corners of caves *just* so I could fuck myself on four fingers at the thought of you. I want you. I’ve *wanted* you for *so* long so can you *please* just *fuck me* already?” He flopped back down, ears burning scarlet. “And just... don’t let that fuel your ego too much,” he tacked on.

Dream couldn’t help but grin unabashedly down at him, warmth thrumming through his veins. “I appreciate it. And your wish is my command,” he gave George one last peck on the lips before

inching the smaller man's shirt up, fingertips dancing across the newly exposed skin.

Dream situated himself between George's legs instead of straddling them, kneeling carefully on the grass and running his hands up and down the pale expanse of the brunet's torso. He didn't miss the way George's abdomen jumped under his touch, pale skin hot enough to burn. His blue shirt was eventually hiked all the way up to his collarbones, exposing his flushed nipples to the warm air.

Leaning down, Dream's lips ghosted over his left pec, trailing light kisses and pausing to suckle on the sparsely-freckled skin every now and again. George hummed, threading his hand in Dream's messy blond hair, rubbing his scalp in small circles.

Those lips inched dangerously closer to his nipple, teasing the surrounding skin, until they eventually latched on, tongue expertly pressing down and around the sensitive bud.

"Ah- fuck," George moaned lowly, "that's really - ah – good..."

Dream brought his left hand up to pinch at the other bud, calloused fingers pressing and swirling and rubbing circles into George's skin. He switched sides, and Dream could feel the man below him start to squirm and shake in his grasp, hips rutting upwards whenever he'd find a particularly sensitive spot.

"We – hah – need to hurry up, Dream," a whine caught in George's throat.

The blond man lifted his head slowly to meet the other's gaze, licking his lips. "M'sorry. Jus' wanted to appreciate you," Dream murmured, voice rough and pupils blown wide.

George wouldn't deny the shudder that wracked through him at the sound of it.

"Can I... take these off?" Dream's fingers thumbed at the hem of George's jeans, dipping slightly below to tease the soft skin there. His other hand ghosted over the smaller man's straining erection, and although the brush was light, it was enough to make him *keen*.

"Yes, *please*, and – ah – hurry up," George gritted out, surveying the forestry around them to ensure they were still alone.

Dream, paying no mind, hastily unbuckled the brunet's belt, tugging his pants down and taking his boots off with them, tossing all the materials to the side. He kissed the inside of each knee before running his hands over the newly exposed skin.

George's inner thighs were unbelievably soft against his fingertips; thick, corded muscles straining underneath and jumping under his touch.

He looked absolutely gorgeous laid out on the plush grass - shirt bunched up at his chest with hickeys littered over his neck and pecs, nipples and lips shiny with *Dream's* spit, small pants escaping his mouth and legs spread to accommodate for the presence between them. His cock was straining against the thin material of his briefs, a wet spot visible and growing larger by the second.

If Dream were a better man, he'd call the manhunt off *just* so he could take his time - to properly worship the body underneath him like they were the only men left on Earth. But, he was not a better man, and he intended to fulfill his bodily desires while *still* getting the win afterwards.

Dipping his head down once more, Dream initiated another kiss, deeper than the one prior - tilting his head and shoving his tongue down the smaller's throat. George let out a shaky breath through his nostrils, fighting back with the same tactic - invading each other's mouths like their lives depended on it.

Dream let his glove-cladden hand run delirious circles on George's sharp hip bone, right above the elastic band of his underwear. Just as he delivered a particularly sharp nip to the brunet's lower lip, he let his hand encase George's length, rubbing his thumb across the head.

A whimper slipped out from between the brit's lips, effectively breaking the kiss and leaving a string of spit to connect the both of them.

The material beneath his fingertip was damp and slicked with precum, making for an easier glide.

"You're so wet, Georgie," Dream cooed under his breath, swiping his thumb across where his slit would be.

"*Ah! Dream!*" George cried out, his hand shooting down to grab the other's wrist. His expression was filled with impatience as he urged the blond's hand away. "Stop *teasing* me already and get on with it!"

Slightly taken aback, Dream pulled his hand away as George slipped his own thumbs under the elastic band, yanking the clothing item down and off his ankles. Haphazardly, he threw it somewhere to the side, landing next to their forgotten weapons.

Slumping back onto the grass, George let his legs shakily fall back open, blush spreading down his chest under the blond's intense gaze.

Dream's eyes couldn't help but immediately drag across the newly exposed skin, mouth watering at the sight.

George's cock was an angry red - the same shade as his chewed lips; drooling precum onto the sharp planes of his stomach, unmarred skin soft and plush between his thighs.

"*Fuck*, George. You're so pretty," he groaned, leaning back and letting his hand adjust himself where he was still straining against his restrictive jeans.

George couldn't help but glance away, face flushed hot at the praise. "Thanks." He didn't know what else to say.

It must've been enough for Dream, though, since he now had the bottle of lube in his hands, pulling a glove off with his teeth before shakily squirting a decent amount onto his thick, corded fingers, rubbing them together to warm the liquid up. Almost nervously, he ran his clean hand across George's inner thigh, pressing it upwards to get better access to his pink hole.

Noticing the hesitation and fault in his moves, George decided to speak up, "Have you - uh - ever done this before? I mean, with a guy."

The blond glanced to the side, a nervous grin tilting up the sides of his mouth. "Well, I've never had to prep a man before, so no. I just don't wanna screw up and hurt you..." he trailed off.

George let out a scoff. "You have *literally* killed me like - I dunno - four *gazillion* times in this game, yet here you are, saying sappy stuff like *that*. I promise you, it'll be fine. I'll tell you if I'm uncomfortable. "

Still sensing the younger man's hesitation, George felt his impatience rising again, so he reached down and latched his smaller hand around the other's, guiding it between his legs. Dream

swallowed thickly, allowing his middle finger to lightly circle around George's waiting hole. The muscle fluttered under his touch, the man below him letting out a pleased sigh.

He slowly pushed the finger through the tight ring of skin up til the second knuckle, lube allowing for a smooth glide. George screwed up his face, adjusting to the intrusion. Dream shot a worried glance upwards in a silent question.

"M'okay... keep going," the brunet assured.

Gradually, Dream's entire middle finger disappeared inside the smaller man, tight heat enveloping his senses. He felt the pool of fire in his stomach churn as he imagined his cock taking the place of his finger instead.

Cautiously, he began to move the digit around, brushing against George's inner walls and slowly pumping it in and out. The brit hummed at the feeling, thighs spreading further open. "That feels - *hn* - good, Dream..."

A flash of pride raced through him at the words. His index finger started rubbing circles enticingly around the skin next to where his middle finger had been swallowed up, slowly poking its way in beside the other.

George's eyelashes fluttered against his cheeks as now *two* of Dream's thick fingers explored his insides, chewing on the side of his lip to keep noises from escaping.

"*Fuck*, you're doing - *ah* - really good," George moaned, hands flying up to grip the man's broad shoulders above him. Dream felt his erection twitch in his pants at the praise. "*Faster*, please..."

In response, Dream picked up the pace, scissoring the digits inside of the other male and thrusting them in and out, flicking his wrist every now and then to get a better angle.

On a particularly deep thrust of his fingers, George's back suddenly arched upwards into Dream's still-clothed body, small *ah*'s dripping from his lips. His cock jumped, a large dribble of precum landing on his stomach. "*Dream! God*, do - *ah* - that again... S-so good for me..."

The blond was enraptured by George's reactions, aiming his fingers at the same angle to emit those kinds of noises again. Eventually, his ring finger joined alongside the other two, all three curling

and rubbing deep inside of the smaller man, slowly causing him to unravel and become a panting mess under the ministrations.

“George, *baby*, you’re so gorgeous,” Dream muttered, working his fingers faster. George’s dick visibly twitched at the words. “So perfect...”

Another thrust of his digits sent George’s head back, a moan working its way out of his mouth. “*Dream - hah - want you, so bad... please - ah!*” he cut himself off with a groan when the younger male *finally* pulled his fingers out, wiping them on the material of his jeans.

Dream saw the smaller man’s hole flutter and clench down on nothing as he was left empty, and the blond couldn’t help but lick his lips at the sight.

Indulgently, he took George’s length back into his hand, heart racing when he noticed the size difference between his large hand and the man’s cock. He pumped his hand slowly, rubbing the precum that had gathered on his tip down the shaft.

George’s multicolored irises were completely gone, replaced by the blown out blacks of his pupils - there was a clear sense of want shining in their reflective surface. “*Dream... please ...*” he pleaded quietly, tears of pleasure building up in the corner of his eyes.

“Sorry,” Dream took his hand away from the other’s weeping cock, earning him a low whine, “Couldn’t help myself when you make noises like that.”

The brunet hummed appreciatively in response, hands snaking down the expanse of Dream’s torso to shakily unbutton his jeans, fingers fumbling with the zipper for a moment before shoving the pants down to mid-thigh. George allowed himself to ogle the man’s bulge for a moment, before taking a deep inhale and slipping his hand under the last item of clothing.

It was *hot*, the way Dream’s head immediately dropped to hide in the crook of George’s pale neck, groaning as his smaller hand wrapped around the blond’s neglected dick.

Almost immediately, he felt the *weight* of it in his palm, rock hard and thick, leaking profusely out of the tip.

“*Fuck... You’re huge...*” George muttered next to Dream’s flushed ear.

Instinctually, Dream gave a shallow thrust of his hips, rocking into the embrace of George's cool hand, unable to stop his cock from jumping in his grasp. He felt his breaking point building up inside of him, desires overriding his senses.

"George," he raised his head to speak in between pants, eyes half lidded and cloudy, freckled face burning hot, "gonna fuck you- *hah* - til you can't walk. Fill you up and leave you whimpering on the grass for - *ah* - your friends to find. Can't wait to be inside you, *fuck*."

George's legs instinctually clamped around Dream's hips and his hole clenched, removing his hand from the younger male's dick to instead push his underwear down alongside his jeans. The smaller man's mouth *watered* when it slapped up against his stomach.

As Dream reached for the lube again, George absentmindedly traced the prominent vein on the underside of the blond's large cock, watching as it jumped under his gentle touches. "Cute..." George murmured, eyes catching hungrily on the precum that was slowly dripping down its length.

Dream let out a low laugh at that, uncapping the bottle and pouring a generous amount on his right hand as he sat back on his calves.

"You're so *weird*, George," he snickered, smearing the lube over his length and giving himself a few self-indulgent pumps.

Said man rolled his eyes, laying back as Dream resumed his position to loom over him, left hand propping himself up while the other guided his throbbing cock towards George's entrance.

"Says the one who's about to fuck his enemy into the grass instead of killing them." George's eyes widened at his own words. "Wait, *oh my god*-" he squeezed his eyes shut, brain processing the current events, "what are we *doing* ? Dream, this is *crazy* - what if the others show - *ah fuck!*"

George cut himself off as Dream rutted his thick length between the brunet's thighs, rubbing sensitively against his hole and the underside of his balls. Moans were pulled out of the both of them at that, effectively shutting George's argument down.

Dream smirked cockily. "You were saying?"

Toes curling into themselves, George took a steady breath. “Shut up, *god*, you’re such an *idiot*. Just... go fast, okay?” Dream rolled his eyes in response, but George was having none of it, “If you don’t, I *swear to fuck* I won’t hesitate to ride you into the dirt, yeah?”

The blond’s smirk fell off his face as the image of George bouncing up and down in his lap flew through his mind, his cock giving another half-hearted twitch against his stomach.

“I saw that, pretty boy. Now stop drooling and *fuck me*, would you?” George huffed, thrusting his hips back against the younger man’s length.

Now *that*, Dream could do.

Gently, Dream balanced himself over the smaller male so he could use his left hand to grab a handful of George’s ass, pulling it to the side and spreading him open even further. He hiked the brunet’s lower half into his lap and guided his cock with his right hand to *finally* press against his pink hole. The ring of muscle fluttered as it swallowed up his tip greedily, both men’s mouths dropping open at the feeling.

“*God*, you’re so - *ah* - tight, George,” Dream moaned, inching further into the man’s searing heat.

George’s legs started to shake as the other’s length slowly disappeared inside of him, wincing at the stretch. “You’re just - *hah* - so f-fucking - *hn* - big...”

Pausing to give George time to adjust, Dream hesitated only slightly before pushing the last of his cock inside, groin finally meeting the insides of the brunet’s thighs. It felt *unbelievable* to be fully sheathed in the tight heat he’d only been able to dream of - all he could think, feel, taste, and *breathe* was nothing but *George, George, George*.

Dream’s freckled face was scrunched up in concentration, brows furrowed and sweat beading on his temple. His blond bangs hung loosely over his eyes as he focused on giving George more time to adjust to his length.

The man below him was no better, eyes screwed up and chest rising and falling heavily, legs quaking as his opening clenched around the cock inside him. He felt stuffed and overwhelmed - it was almost too much.

“‘M *so* full, Dreamie... you fill me up so good,” George whimpered almost deliriously below him, hands flying up to clench onto his own blue shirt, just to give them something to do.

Tears threatened to fall down his flushed cheeks, and Dream would be lying if his heart didn't stutter at the sight.

“ *Please,* ” the smaller man pleaded, “ *fuck* me.”

Almost immediately, Dream pulled his hips out until only the tip was still inside, savoring the drag of the brunet's walls against his cock, finally *slamming* his length back inside all at once.

George cried out, knuckles turning white as the grip on his shirt increased.

From there, Dream set a bruising pace, using his large hands to guide George's pale, narrow hips back onto his cock during each thrust.

Staring down at the man below him, Dream couldn't stop his eyes from fixating on his chewed, plush lips, slick and shiny with spit from their previous makeout session. *God*, did he want to kiss him, *badly*.

“ *Mm- Dream - ah - c'mere, please,* ” George whined, reaching for him with a hand.

Leaning down, Dream propped himself up on his elbows as their lips messily met once more, swallowing down each other's moans as the blond's hips continued to hammer into George's.

The brunet thrust his tongue into Dream's mouth in tandem with their hips, panting into the other's mouth unabashedly.

They finally parted to take a breath, drunk on each other.

As Dream continued to rock steadily into him, George reached a hand up to brush a few stray strands of blond hair out of the other's eyes. He's not quite sure *why* he did in the moment, but he

couldn't help his heart from softening at the pure, unfiltered *adoration* in the younger man's expression.

"George, *baby*, you're - *ah* - so fucking perfect," Dream gritted out, grinding his hips deep inside of him, tasting honey on his lips as George's back arched up off the ground.

"*Fuck!* Right - *hah* - there, *Dream*," the brunet whimpered, hips flying upwards to meet Dream's as the boiling flame in his belly fanned out across his body.

The tears that had been gathering in his eyes finally fell down his cheeks as pleasure licked up his spine.

If possible, Dream managed to make his hips quicken their pace, angling perfectly up into George's bundle of nerves. In response, the brit's body started to tremble and his mouth fell open in a wordless cry, squirming as each wave of pleasure wracked through him.

"*Dream!*" George choked out, "You're d-doing - *hn* - so good, *so* good, you're so - *hah* - amazing for me..." Spit dribbled out of the corner of his mouth as he spoke, completely overwhelmed and chest heaving.

Arousal surged through Dream at the praise, letting out a low moan before pulling his cock out and leaning back once more - only this time, he used his strength to flip George over, shoving a hand between his still-clothed shoulder blades to push his upper half into the grass. The brit's goggles, once stationed perfectly atop his chestnut hair, fell onto the grass next to his head.

Almost immediately, George got the message, arching his back and spreading his knees further apart on the ground, presenting his gaping, dripping hole to the other man, fluttering and pulsing without anything to fill him up.

"*Dream, please*, put it back in," he pleaded drunkenly, glancing over his right shoulder.

"Yeah, baby, I got you," Dream murmured, ripping his gaze away from the sight before him.

Their eyes locked as Dream slowly guided his throbbing dick back inside, thrusting all the way in.

Both men shivered at the new positioning, quickly resuming the pace from before.

George could feel *everything* from this position - during each thrust, Dream's thick cock hit his prostate head on. He shuddered, letting out a low whine and dropping his head onto his bandaged arms, feeling his tip leak more precum onto the grass beneath him.

"You feel *so* - *hah* - good, George, *fuck*, so tight and - *ah* - warm," the blond groaned, large, veiny hands searing skin where they were latched onto his hips. "Could - *ah* - fuck you all day long, you feel so good."

George could feel his pleasure mounting - the need to jerk himself off becoming overwhelming. He reached his left hand underneath his body to give a gentle squeeze to his cock.

"*Ah! God-*" George choked, his sensitive tip turning red under his touches.

At the same time, Dream's cock brushed his prostate again, and the brunet couldn't stop the needy whine that left his mouth.

"*Dreaamm...* I need to - *ah* - cum," George stumbled over his words, hand reaching back further to fully cup himself, "Can I, *please* ... ?"

Dream felt his heart melting at the sight of the shaky man below him, slowing the pace of his hips down to a grind - slow and deep, letting his cock *drag* in all the right places.

"*Fuck* - *ah* - yeah," he groaned, feeling his own release stirring heat in his gut. George let out another needy whine in response, grinding his palm against his swollen cock.

"George, *baby*, let me," Dream said, voice gritty.

George's hand immediately fell away, Dream instead reaching his own underneath the smaller male to let his fist envelope his length.

The brunet gave a harsh cry as Dream's calloused hand began roughly jerking his cock, another lick of pleasure striking up his spine.

“*Dream!* Fuck - *ah* - harder, *please* !” George’s hands fisted the grass as the blond’s hips picked up their pace, roughly sliding his knees forward against the dirt as his dick was stroked in time with each slam to his prostate. “*Ah!* ‘M close...”

Dream groaned, draping himself over George’s back, his thrusts unrelenting and fist flying over the other’s cock. Leaning in close, the blond peppered kisses over any skin he could reach.

“You’re so pretty, Georgie, so *perfect* - *hah* - just for me,” Dream pressed a kiss to his cheek and murmured directly in his ear, “Come on - *ah* - ”

The younger man cut himself off as George’s body stiffened underneath him, hole clenching down *hard* against the drag of his cock, eyes squeezed shut and mouth open in a silent whine as he reached his climax. His legs shook violently, hardly keeping himself upright, cock spurting thick ropes of white onto the grass beneath him - a few stray strands landing on his bare chest.

Dream fucked him through it, groaning at the feeling of his warm walls clenching and unclenching around his cock - all the while chasing his own high.

George hid his face in his arms as he shook, overstimulated and breathing hard, squirming away from the brutal pace of Dream’s thrusts.

“*Ah! Dreaamm*, it’s - *hah* - too much ,” his voice was gravelly from overuse, small gasps punching out of his mouth at each drag of Dream’s cock.

“Jus’ hold out for me, baby, ‘m close,” Dream’s speech slurred as his thrusts became uncoordinated and messy, head hung low and eyes scrunched up in concentration. Sweat beaded down the bridge of his nose, falling to land on the slope of George’s sparsely-freckled back. He could feel the heat in his abdomen about to burst. “Can I - *hn* - inside...?”

George nodded against his arms before realizing Dream couldn’t see it, so he babbled, “*Ah, nh-!* Y-yeah, Dreamie, *please* - *hah* - i-in me...”

Shuddering at the words, Dream felt his thighs quake as he delivered one last thrust into George’s ass, holding their hips tight together as his cock twitched - once, twice, until *finally* releasing inside of him. Each jump of his dick delivered a new spurt of hot cum, painting the brunet’s insides white.

Exhausted and sweaty, Dream rested his head between George's shoulder blades, letting his cock soften as their heavy panting slowly returned to normal.

Dream lifted his head.

The sun had left its high point in the sky, dipping just below the line of the trees.

Slowly, he pulled out, soothing George's back as he let out a shudder at the feeling of emptiness. Dream couldn't help but watch as his cum slowly leaked out of the brunet's spent hole, dribbling down his thighs.

Feeling the gaze on him, George let out a whine and tried to close his thighs, "Stop staring... it's embarrassing."

Dream just hummed in response. He could see the muscles of George's legs struggling to keep him upright, so he gently eased him over onto his back.

"You okay?" the blond murmured, sweeping chocolate strands out of George's spent face.

Said man hummed, content - closing his eyes at the thoughtful doting. "Can't feel my legs."

At that, Dream wheezed, eyes crinkling as a grin spread across his face.

Aware of his own sensitivity, the blond carefully tucked himself back into his pants, standing up on unsteady legs to retrieve George's lost clothes. When he came back, the brunet had pulled his shirt down and replaced his goggles atop his head, making a face at the dried cum on his chest.

"Hold on, let me clean you up," Dream said, hastily pulling off his green hoodie and black undershirt. As he went to replace his signature sweatshirt, he noticed George's stare. "What?"

His gaze immediately left the blond's figure, glancing off to the side instead. "Nothing. I just - uh - realized you sorta had all your clothes on during that..." George trailed off, hugging his legs to himself and wincing at the feeling of liquid leaking out of him.

Dream laughed lowly, pulling his hoodie and right glove back on, before grabbing his black undershirt and wetting it with the water in his inventory. He returned to his spot next to George, using the cloth to clean off the stains on his chest.

"Mm, maybe next time we can be a little less rushed, yeah?" he suggested, prying George's thighs back open to wipe between his legs.

As he passed over his sensitive cock, George hissed between his teeth, but Dream pulled the cloth away and deemed him clean enough before it became too much.

Pecking George on the nose, Dream walked a few paces away to where his mask laid upside down on the grass, picking it up and clasping it back in place. When he turned back around, George was fully clothed, but struggling to stand up on unsteady legs.

"This is so embarrassing," George grumbled as Dream helped him to his feet, knees knocking together at the force of keeping his body upright. He leaned heavily against Dream's side, sinking into his comforting presence.

Dream laughed. "I dunno, I kinda think getting fucked in the ass in the middle of the forest is more embarrassing, but hey, that's just my - *oof*-" Dream was cut off by a sharp elbow to his gut, George's grin widening.

There was a moment of shared silence as the two stood in each other's embrace, the stillness of the forest settling around them.

Dream cleared his throat. "So - uh - what now?"

George blinked up at him, multicolored eyes perplexed. "Uh- "

The brunet's sentence was interrupted abruptly by an arrow whizzing past Dream's head, both men

instinctually crouching low to the ground.

“Oh of - *fucking* - course,” Dream swore under his breath as Sapnap and Bad emerged from the forage across from them, their clothes singed and dirty. It looked like they’d been through hell.

“*Ha!* Found you fucker! I knew we should’ve never let George keep the damn compass,” Sapnap shouted victoriously, aiming another arrow at Dream’s head before his eyes caught on the man leaning against his side. “George! Oh my god , where the *fuck* have you been?”

Bad surveyed the clearing, noticing a patch of grass that had been suspiciously flattened to his right. “Uh, Sapnap...” he whispered to his partner, glancing sideways to Dream’s undershirt, lying crumpled and wet on the grass.

Sapnap’s gaze followed Bad’s, widening and doing a short sweep of the clearing.

“Oh. My. *God!* *George* you fucking *bitch!*” Sapnap loudly exclaimed, readjusting his grip on his bow, knuckles white. “*This* is what you were doing? We thought you fucking *died!*”

George felt Dream chuckle low in his ear, a shiver going up his spine at the darkening undertone. Hot breath fanned over his cheek as the blond leaned in close. “Don’t hate me for this,” Dream murmured, causing the brit’s eyes to narrow in confusion. “I had fun, *Georgie.*”

Before he could respond, he felt the sharp impact of an axe in his side, yelping helplessly as he watched his health bar disappear before his eyes. He could sense the telltale signs of his physical body pixelating away, urging him back to the beginning of the map.

The last thing he heard was Dream’s low wheezes in his ear, slowly fading as the world flickered once, twice, until he was back at spawn.

“*Dream!* You’re such a fucking *asshole!*”

End Notes

Any sort of feedback is appreciated !!

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